

UPSTAIRS BULLETIN

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*The years of a lifetime do not reach a
hundred,
Yet they contain a thousand year's sorrow.
When days are short and the dull nights
long,
Why not take a lamb and wander forth?
If you want to be happy you must do it now.
There is no waiting till an after-time.
The fool who's loath to spend the wealth
he's got,
Becomes the laughing stock of after ages.*
-Arthur Waley.

Our trip this year was second only to the one we took in 1967 (My first) in which I used a quote by Thoreau - "We only need travel enough to give our intellect an airing." In revisiting Bavaria and Vienna, we were almost assured of a pleasant trip - and in this world of today, how nice not to be disappointed. Naturally, there were changes, mainly that prices had soared. Not really so much in Austria. We especially enjoyed our "airing" in Bavaria with the only clean air in Europe. In Munich with its great areas of handsome walking streets, with no automobiles to dodge or breathe their exhaust, one could walk with freedom and ease. Munich, Salzburg and Vienna, all offer considerable intellectual stimulus - which "airs" the mind.

In 25 days of travel in Europe we took trains on short trips and planes on the longer jaunts. Train travel, at least first class, is wonderfully comfortable and it is possible to see the interesting villages, the farmland, forests and mountains. Traveling through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Austria, we visited 14 cities of importance. These were Paris, Brussels, Ghent, Brugges, Amsterdam, Delft, The Hague, Rotterdam, Volendam, Aalsmeer, Hamburg, Vienna, Salzburg and Munich.

People have much to do with whether one likes their cities or not. The French are notoriously uncivil, mercenary and unfriendly. Away back when Mozart was in Paris, he said,

"their manners approach rudeness and their arrogance is abominable." The Belgians seemed eager to please their visitors but language was often a problem. In Amsterdam there were hoards of American and Canadian ex-patriots, so language gave no trouble. All Dutch speak good English. This city is the last stronghold of the unwashed hippies, not giving the best impression as one enters the city. The Dutch themselves are immaculately clean and it is hard to understand why they tolerate this element.

In Hamburg, very few people spoke English and we had a number of happy-funny experiences with their people trying to direct us with a gay combination of pantomime, stray words, gestures and a warm eagerness to assist. Vienna, Salzburg and Munich are elegant cities with well mannered citizens. Men and women, young and old alike, are well dressed in suits and dresses and with well groomed hair. They are friendly, gracious and courteous. Munich must be very proud of their attractive city with its landscaped walking streets - clean - flower bedecked and filled with attractive people admiring the shop windows. Clothing displays here far excell those of other European cities. One instantly likes this city.

Paris is not a clean city and was half evacuated during August with most restaurants on vacation. We did not eat well there. We had come back to Paris this time to see the Louvre because it was closed on our first trip. It might just as well have been closed this trip because of the mobs of humanity inefficiently and rudely handled by the Museum staff. I did see what I came to see - the "Mona Lisa" - "The Winged Victory" and what I liked even better - "The Madonna of the Rocks". Accept for the gardens and the many fountains (without water) Versailles is a waste of time, compared to the Schonbruun and Nymphenburg Castles. Three things I did enjoy in Paris

were the exquisite stained glass windows of Saint Chappell - The Rodin Museum, so tastefully and comfortably placed in a quiet garden - and a visit to Pere la Chaise, the old cemetery. We did not find most of the graves we had hoped to see because of the extraordinary size of the place. We did find the graves of Rossini, Musset, Collette and Appollinaire. Had we walked to the top of the hill, we might have found the graves of Isadora Duncan, Sarah Bernhardt and Oscar Wilde.

Brussels could be a ravishing city. While we were there, due no doubt to the severe drought, all canals were stagnant and the air polluted like that of Mexico City. The city is quaint with the Guild Houses around the Town Hall forming a square with flower markets, lace shops by the dozens and in-and-out-door cafes. Most interesting was the Gallery of distinguished small shops for every conceivable need - but all very small with very large prices. At night the streets are festive with hundreds of people milling around. Musicians and singers on every corner and in doorways singing and playing for what they can wheedle out of the bystanders. At night the street cafes are packed with drinkers and diners.

Tours out of Brussels to Ghent and Bruges were pleasant which always end up with a sales pitch at a lace factory, a cheese factory and even a diamond factory. In an ancient Cathedral in Ghent, we saw an incredibly beautiful retable, painted by Van Eyck. Actually, it was twelve paintings depicting Adam and Eve in their state of human poverty being admitted into the heavenly company of Angels - who sing - make music around the Virgin and St. John the Baptist. So meticulously painted with the finest brushed strokes, that botanists could identify every flower in the fields surrounding the characters. The Notre Dame Cathedral in Bruges is the proud owners of an early Michaelangelo - "Madonna and Child" - an original Rubens and a Caravaggio painting. This old church is extremely poor in upkeep but immensely rich in art.

Amsterdam is the last hold of the great unwashed hippies of Europe and America. Twice a day, the public square is hosed down - washing unbelievable amounts of cans, bottles and other rubbish to be carted away by the truckloads. Why the Dutch tolerate it is an unanswered question. Fortunately, we were there long enough to see a better side of the city which is cultural and substantial and boastfully called the 'Venice of the North'. A very special museum here is the Von Gogh Museum with a tremendous collection of the artist's work seldom seen. It far outshines the nearby Stedlijk Museum housing more 'Far out Modern' than it does good legitimate modern.

While in Amsterdam, Karen Tims and her husband, Don Asker, spent a delightful afternoon with us wandering around the interesting canals after a healthy Dutch lunch. They recently bought a home in The Hague, so it seems they are fairly permanent there with the Netherlands Dans Theatre Ballet. We had always known Karen to be wise with a head on her pretty shoulders. She has always been painfully honest about herself to the point of being a fault. Now she has gained a peripheral knowledge about dance and its performance that is startling for one so young. She is now doing lead roles in that company.

Tours out of Amsterdam brought us to Marken, Volendam, Aalsmeer, Delft, Rotterdam, The Hague and Madurodam - all interesting to a point, but most interesting was the farmland that is being reclaimed from the sea - rich in crops and great herds of livestock. Every inch of the precious land is used either to grow something or to feed some animal. In the village of Aalsmeer, we visited the huge auction Flower Market which operates very much like the Chicago Grain Pit on LaSalle Street. The Flower Market is larger than McCormick Place with hundreds of trucks piled high with cut flowers moving on tracks past the auction pit where the bidders make their bids. When bought, they are on a plane within 15 minutes to various parts of the world - mostly to the large European capitols. When one thinks of Holland, one has in mind tulips and daffodils - seldom do you think of roses, carnations, mums, iris, lilies, gladiolis, freesias, African daisies, and every common garden flower - here you find them all in profusion.

Arriving at our Hotel in Hamburg, we found a sumptuous vase of mixed flowers awaiting us from Charles Schick, a one-time student who has been lost to us for sometime (incidentally, we have heard since that he has joined Lary and Dolores in their South African venture). Hamburg for us was the social part of our vacation with Jim Moore there staging "Les Noces" for Neumeier's Company and Dolores and Lary arriving from London to be with us. When we arrived, Neumeier was in Vienna arranging details for his staging of "The Legend of Joseph", Richard Strauss's non-too-successful ballet of 1914.

We saw several rehearsals of "Les Noces" with Jim doing an extremely efficient job of restaging the Robbins work. Also, one with

John rehearsing his ballet to Schumann music. The Company, predominantly American, seems in rehearsal to be a well disciplined group of mature dancers. They are passionately devoted to Neumeier. One never achieves the success in our country that John enjoys in Europe. His name and reputation is known to every person in every walk of life. Several books have been published on him and his ballets. It was fun renewing an old acquaintance with Ray Barra, John's right-hand-man, who will soon retire to an island off the coast of Spain. On our last night in Hamburg, John entertained us all with a champagne dinner in his beautiful European style apartment, up a winding staircase to the top floor. It is spacious, with books to the ceiling and much ballet memorabilia about, including the famous bust of Nijinsky. It was late when we left after all the conversation about ballet on an international scale and the superb dinner. When we got to our hotel, we had three hours to sleep before taking the plane to Vienna.

Contrary to all we have heard about Hamburg, it is a very lovely and interesting city with much to see. Enjoyed the galleries and its Plantin und Blumen and the opening of the Opera season with a performance of Donizetti's "Viva La Mama" - a crazy-mad opera making no sense whatever. Most of all, we enjoyed the leisure time we had with Jim, who lives very close to us at home though we never see him.

What does one say about Vienna, except that it is just about the most divine city in Europe. We were ensconced elegantly in the Ambassadeur Hotel, on Kartner Street, half way between Stephandam and the Staatsoper. The very spacious room had brocaded walls with mirrors to the ceiling, crystal chandeliers and wall lights and cane back furniture. It could not have been more pleasant.

Every building and street corner has statuary of some sort, much of it honoring the famous names in music we all know; The Beethoven monument with its nine cherubs representing his nine symphonies; Mozart's graceful statue also with many gay and humorous cherubs playing about its base, and really the most beautiful of all, the one for Johann Strauss, in the park near the pavillion where his music is played nightly.

The old churches are special too - St. Stephandam - St. Joseph - Michaelkircke and my favorite, Peterkircke. The Kirckes are a subject in themselves and one could not describe them without sounding excessively effusive.

The building of the Kuntsthistorische Museum is a work of art in itself with its pink marble bordered with gold and white designs and the steep winding staircases. There are rooms full of almost every painter one can think of with many Rubens, Cranack, Bruegel, Rembrandts and even Vermeer, Caravagio, Reni and Giorgione, ones we do not see often. One could spend days here, as there is about as much to see as there is in the Prado in Madrid.

Schloss Schonbrunn ist wunderbar - amazing - marvelous - wonderful - splendid - and gorgeous - there is no question that it is THE palace of Europe. Maria Theresa and her large family of 16 children really left for posterity an example of good taste and it appears there was also a human being of quality. It is wishful tinking, but it would be great to be able to amble through these rooms alone and not be pushed by the mobs of tourists.

August 20th we were off by train through the beautiful Austrian countryside - greener than Ireland. It is highly productive farmland with not as much livestock as we saw in Holland. As we came nearer to Salzburg, rain was evident. I had heard since that it always rains here, but it was August 20th, my Father's birthdate, and where every I have been on this date since his death, the skies have wept. During his lifetime they did too but he called them the equinoxial storms.

Salzburg had its castle too, Hellbrunn, which had a clownish touch with water spouting out from unexpected and ridiculous places - very little beauty and lots of real foolishness. In doors, there was much to be seen and heard. In Mozart's Wohnhaus one evening, we heard a musical family give an enchanting program of Mozart and Hadyn. The next day, between torrential rain storms, we made the Baroque Museum which was a delight. Probably the most complete collection of Baroque art put together and what was unusual, it had a very interesting lecture with musical accompaniment.

By noon the skies had cleared enough to start for Berchtesgarden and no sooner on the bus than down it came again. It could have been a spectacular trip but all we could see was swollen streams, fog and people under umbrellas. Late in the afternoon, as we were on our way home, the sun came out and we got a slight idea of what we had missed.

In Salzburg that evening we heard a

superlative chamber music program of Mozart and Schubert, played by a group from the Vienna Philharmonic at the Residenz. This was a special treat in this high-ceilinged room in Baroque style. The next day when we were off to Munich it was a gorgeous, sunny day.

Munich, now, is a city of great splendor with huge shopping malls, filled with smart shops, street cafes, flowers and trees and good, clean air, because of no automobiles. This was our third visit to this city and we do enjoy it more each time we come. The Botanical Gardens are lovely even at the end of August. The Alte Pinakothek, with its wonderful collections of old masters, is a must; always enjoy seeing again Rubens' divine cherubs - the many Cranacks - Rembrandts - Murillos - Botticelli - Lippi - Giotto and I found a new discovery of an old favorite of mine in Giorgione, which I had never found on previous visits. They also have an abundance of the Spanish painters.

From this temple of Art, we cabled to Pat Downey's favorite Palace - the Nymphenburg. This Palace is unbelievable in so many ways, its size - beauty - variety - its art work and furniture and its enormous gardens. It was the favorite residence of the Ludwigs and the Mad one was born in one of its more beautiful rooms. The Castle is dedicated to the beauty of the female sex and in one room there is a large collection, to the ceiling, of portraits of their favorites - among them is one of Lola Montez. The enchanting gardens where one can wander through forests, by lakes and streams, past and through smaller Castles for hunting, for bathing, for religious services and other activities.

On our last day, Pat Downey's sister and her husband, Dr. Moser, with their delightful children, drove us to the sub-Alps to the city of Mittenwald for a picnic. It was sheer delight driving through these story book villages, surrounded by mountains and lakes. On our way back, we stopped at a lovely cafe by the Walchensee for tea and pastry - this same spot where we also had refreshments in 1967. This picturesque area is a favorite resort for Austrians. This day was a perfect way to end an already super vacation. The next day, we were on our return trip home to Chicago.

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Over the summer SC Disciples were active all over the world. Previous pages tell of JOHN NEUMEIER, JAMES MOORE, DOLORES & LARRY LONG (now in South Africa) and CHARLES SCHICK but the younger set were busy too. DIANE & DAN REILY were dancing in the Frankfurt Ballet Company three weeks after their arrival - in all three ballets. MARY RANDOLPH was selected from one of those massive auditions in New York to be in the Eliot Feld Company a few weeks after her arrival in the big city. After a rehearsal period, her name is now included in the company's new brochure. This is especially impressive because it is a small company and known to be almost of soloist calibre.

MARK TRUDEAU, after muffing several good chances in the past, has one more chance to prove himself. He left to join the Israelian Ballet Company in Tel Aviv.

SCOTT SCHLEXER, home for winter clothes, seems happy as an ABT Scholarship student. Working up a blind alley are DEBBY RIDLEY at Harkness and NANCY GLYNN, TRACEY HUNTLEY and RANDY MELE at the Pennsylvania Ballet School.

KAREN TIMS has made great progress with the Netherlands Dans Theatre and is happy with their new director. BONNIE MATHIS recently joined this company after leaving ABT. There is no news about DARLEEN CALLAGHAN at the School of American Ballet who left last year. Those who remember and were in the classes with LESLIE BROWNE are all thrilled about her coming movie.

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